

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

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No. V.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION—

Why are you a Christian?

(Continued from page 56.)

CHAPTER IV.

Evidence arising from the Character and Miracles of Christ.

I have a FOURTH reason for my belief and principles as a Christian: And that is, that the author of my religion displayed an example, and performed works, which proclaim not merely a superior, but a divine character. Human language cannot do justice to the temper and morals of Jesus Christ. The excellency of the one, and the purity of the other, render him an object worthy of our highest admiration. In how wonderful a manner did he exemplify his own moral lessons! How divinely did he support his character, as a friend of mankind! With what exquisite tenderness did he conduct towards the miserable! What patience did he display under every species of provocation! How condescending was he to the weak—how humble—how just—how ready to forgive his enemies—how benevolent to all! What a sublime devotion possessed his heart! In scenes of the deepest distress, how perfect was his resignation! How amiably did he converse! How unblamably did he live! How nobly did he die! Can I reconcile the appearance of such virtue with the mean and interested views of an ambitious impostor? Is it credible, that such pure streams should proceed from a corrupt fountain?

Many who reject the claims, and deny the miracles of Jesus Christ, admit the moral excellency of his character. A greater inconsistency cannot be conceived. What, is it no offence against the laws of morality to appeal to works never performed; and to pretend to the exercise of powers,

which never existed? Are deliberate falsehood, imposition, and hypocrisy, to be erased from the catalogue of crimes? Is impiety no stain? To die with an obstinate and inflexible adherence to false pretensions, is there nothing immoral in such behavior? I confess, I have very different views of right and wrong; and I feel a strong conviction, that falsehood and deceit, for whatever purpose they may be employed, and to whatever end they may be directed, are to the last degree criminal and disgraceful.

Yet, this accusation must be brought against Jesus Christ, if he did no miracles, and was only a self-commissioned reformer. He certainly did profess to work miracles; and he did appeal to them as divine attestations to his sacred character. If he insisted that he was sent of God, to enlighten and save mankind, he was careful to add, "The works which I do, they bear witness of me." I must, therefore, deny, that he was that excellent person, which some modern unbelievers profess to esteem him; or, I must admit the reality of those miracles, to which he so often, and with so much solemnity appealed. There is no other alternative. It cannot be that he was a splendid pattern of pure and sublime morality, whilst his mission and supernatural powers were an artful pretence.

Reduced then to the necessity, either of admitting, together with the moral excellencies, the miracles of Jesus; or, of rejecting both; I can, without difficulty, make up my judgment. However unphilosophical it may be thought, I am persuaded, that he "did such works as no man could perform, unless God were with him." Yes, notwithstanding the metaphysick of some, and the sneers of others, I do believe that he appealed to facts, when he said—"The blind see; the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed; the deaf hear; and the dead are raised." God, who ordained the laws of nature, can certainly controul or suspend them. Nor is there any thing absurd in the supposition, that occasions may offer, on which such an application of almighty power may be worthy of God; and reflect honor on his wisdom and benevolence.

It is true, such interruptions of the general course of nature are not visible at the present age. Our eyes have never been gratified with the sight of a miracle: But this is no

proof that the eyes of other men, in other ages, have imposed upon their understanding. The king of Siam, because he had never seen ice, denied the possibility of his existence. His narrow experience, under a burning sun, was opposed to the testimony of a credible witness. If this prince had been a metaphysician, with what a multiplicity of arguments would he have encountered and overwhelmed the European, who related the effects of cold upon the waters of his country? If he had been a philosopher, how learnedly would he have reasoned upon the elementary particles of fluids; and, from their spherical form, how easily would he have demonstrated the impossibility of congelation? But what is logic, when opposed to fact?

The miracles ascribed to Jesus Christ and the Apostles, rest upon the same foundation with other articles, which we find in the narratives of his life. They have not come down to us through the channel of tradition; but by means of a formal record, made by persons who declare themselves witnesses of the scenes which they describe. Nor are they introduced into these records merely by way of ornament, or to animate a dull narration; they are an essential part of the work. In the same page, we find the miracles and moral lessons of Jesus Christ. In the same artless manner they are both related. For which reason, I feel myself unable to draw the line, where truth ends, and fiction begins. All my information concerning Jesus Christ is derived from the same source. Where testimony is so explicit and circumstantial, I must, therefore, admit the whole, or reject the whole. I mention this, because some have professed to believe the history of our Lord's discourses, whilst they denied that of his miracles: but these articles are so connected, that there can be no discrimination. If an evangelist deserves credit, when he solemnly declares the things which he heard; why not, when he as solemnly declares the facts which he saw? Why should I ascribe more veracity to his ears, than to his eyes?

That the miracles of Jesus stand as fairly recorded as his moral instructions, is not, however, my only reason for believing them. Certain events which took place at the memorable period, when these miracles are said to have been exhibited, are a demonstration of their reality. I find, that

multitudes who had the best means of informing their minds on this subject, and who could have detected the imposition, if any had been practised, were fully persuaded that supernatural powers had been exercised by Christ and his apostles. So strong was their conviction, that it overcame early habits; and induced them to embrace the religious system which appealed to this evidence. Nor was this all: it overcame the apprehensions of contempt, of worldly losses, of every species of injury, and of a cruel and infamous death. Upon the principle of miracles. it is easy to account for this magnanimity: But, if the Christian record of miracles be a mere fable, how came the conviction of their reality to take possession of so many fair and honest minds; and to produce such astonishing effects? Why did *they* believe, who were placed beyond the reach of imposition—and who could have no motive to assent to the powers claimed by the founder and first preachers of religion, but the certainty that they existed? I am free to confess, that the faith of multitudes, situated as they were, has great influence in confirming my own.

To pursue the argument: I believe the miracles recorded in the New Testament, because they were not called in question by early infidels. The Jews were compelled to own, that the powers occasionally exercised by Jesus Christ, were supernatural. “This man doeth many miracles,” was the confession even of the priests and pharisees; and the modern Jews do not pretend to deny, that the founder of the Christian sect performed many things which no man could do, unless he were assisted by invisible agents. To avoid, however, the consequences of such a concession, they both ascribe his miracles to an internal cause. Succeeding unbelievers were likewise as well convinced of this part of our Lord’s history. Julian acknowledges that Christ opened the eyes of the blind; restored limbs to the lame, and recovered demoniacs from their malady: But he intimates, that these are not very extraordinary feats. Celsus, another violent enemy to Christianity, not presuming to deny the mighty works of Jesus, endeavors to depreciate them by pretending that he learned magic in Egypt. Besides, it is well known, that because the miracles of Christ could not be denied, attempts were made

to eclipse their glory. Apollonius Tyanæus was brought into public view by two unbelievers, as a person whose powers exceeded those of Jesus. The concessions of Julian and Celsus, and this attempt to set up a rival to the Saviour, may be easily accounted for, if we admit that signs were displayed, and miracles performed by him: But if his supernatural powers were an artful pretence, why did not these adversaries publish the imposition? They did not want sagacity to detect any unfair dealing; and such a discovery would have given the triumph to their cause. That early unbelievers, and some of them persons of the most extensive information that a Julian and a Celsus did not deny the miracles of Jesus Christ, is with me a very strong argument in favor of those miracles. Combined with other evidence, this circumstance is sufficient for my conviction.

Finally, the lying wonders and pretended miracles of impostors are a proof, that supernatural powers have been employed for religious purposes. This appears to be the just conclusion from these facts. Impostors would not have had recourse to such arts, if they had not known the success of real miracles. Would counterfeits have found their way into circulation, if there never had been genuine coin? Did not the latter unquestionably suggest the former? We may be assured, that pretended miracles would never have enriched the legend of a saint, if real miracles had never attracted the attention of mankind. Supernatural powers have been feigned in later times, because in the primitive ages such powers really existed. Lying wonders, at the tomb of the Abbe de Paris, came in aid of his doubtful reputation, because the tomb of Christ was the scene of wonders and signs, which gave immortal splendor to his character; and ensure the final triumphs of his cause.

I have now assigned the various reasons, on which I ground my assent to the miracles which stand recorded in the Christian volume. I believe them, because they rest on the same historic evidence with the moral instructions, and common facts, contained in that book. I believe them, because contemporary and subsequent events were such as might have been expected, from the operation of miracles on the human mind. I believe them, because early oppo-

sers of Christianity did not call them in question. I believe them, because their reality appears to me, to be a fair deduction from many unsuccessful attempts to imitate, and to rival them. Thus convinced of the supernatural powers of Jesus Christ and the apostles, I am persuaded that they spake by authority; and consequently, that the religious system- which derives its name from the former, is not only superior to all others, but that it is DIVINE.

(*To be Continued.*)

MEMOIRS OF ST. GEORGE.

THIS Saint was born at *Cappadocia*, in the third century. As his parents were Christians, he enjoyed the advantage of being educated in the Christian religion. It is said, that he lost his father when a youth; that he travelled with his mother into Palestine; she having been a native of that country, and possessed of a considerable estate there, which descended to her son George; who, being of reputable parents, and in the enjoyment of activity and strength, devoted himself to the *military profession*, and was advanced to the dignity of tribune or colonel.

In this post, he having signalized himself by his courage and conduct, he was advanced to an higher station in the army, by the Emperor Dioclesian.

This prince having resolved on a persecution against the Christians, and proceeded with great cruelty in the execution of it, *St. George* laid aside the distinctions of an officer, repaired to the Senate, and complained to the Emperor, in public, of his severity against the Christians; remonstrating, at the same time, against the idolatry of the *Roman* worship, and arguing in favor of Christianity. Though this conduct greatly incensed the Emperor and Senate against *St. George*, they endeavored to proselyte him to their religion, with great proffers of honor and promotion; which being ineffectual to accomplish their end, they most inhumanly tortured him; but perceiving his constancy in the Christian faith was inflexible, he was sent to prison, and ordered to be drawn through the city, and beheaded, the next day. This sentence was executed, and thus he obtained the crown of martyrdom, April the 23d, A. D. 290.

We have extracted this short account of St. George from the history written of him by *Metaphrostes*; who, according to Bellermine and Baronius, flourished in the ninth century, and was an author of reputation.

The reason why *this Saint* has been esteemed the *protector of military men*, in Christendom, is partly on account of his profession; and partly on the credit of a report, that he appeared to the Christian army, in the holy war, previous to the battle at Antioch. As the Christians triumphed in that battle, under Godfrey of Bologna, St. George had new honors conferred on him, and military men became more disposed to apply to him for his intercession.

He is represented on horseback, tilting at a Dragon under his feet. This is regarded to be emblematic of his conquest over Satan, (styled the Dragon, in the Book of Revelations) by faith and Christian fortitude.

It affords us pleasure in being able to present our readers with a further extract from *Tertullian's "Apology,"* addressed to the Magistrates of the Roman Empire, during the reign of Severus. It delineates in forcible language, the Discipline of Christians; their Employment, and Manner of Living—and speaks a courage that would do honor to any age or nation.

CHAP. XXXIX.

HAVING vindicated our sect from the calumnies of rebellion, &c. I come now to lay before you the Christian way and fashion of living.

We Christians then are a corporation or society of men, most strictly united by the same religion, by the same rites of worship, and animated with one and the same hope; when we come to the public service of God, we come in as formidable a body as if we were to storm Heaven by force of prayer, and such a force is a most grateful violence to God. When this holy army of supplicants is met, and disposed in godly array, we all send up our prayers for the life of the Emperors, for their ministers, for magistrates, for the good of the state, for the peace of the empire, and for retarding the final doom.

We meet together likewise for reading of the holy scriptures, and we take such lessons out of them as we judge suit best with the condition of the times, to confirm our faith, either by forewarning us what we are to expect, or by

bringing to our minds the predictions already fulfilled. And certainly our spiritual life is wonderfully nourished with reading the holy scriptures, our hopes thereby are erected, and our trust fixed and settled upon God. However, besides the reading, we continually preach and press the duties of the gospel with all the power and argument we are able; for it is in these assemblies that we exhort, reprove, and pass the divine censure or sentence of excommunication; for the judgments in this place are delivered with all solemnity, and after the maturest deliberation imaginable, as being delivered by men, who know they are pronouncing God's sentence, and act with the same caution as if God stood visibly among them; and the censures here pronounced are looked upon as an anticipation of the judgment to come, and the sinner precondemned by, who has sinned to such a degree, as to be shut out by his ministers from the fellowship of the faithful, the communion of prayers and sacraments, and the rest of that sacred commerce.

The presidents or bishops among us, are men of the most venerable age and piety, raised to this honor, not by the powers of money, but by the brightness of their lives; for nothing sacred is to be had for money. That kind of treasury we have, is not filled with any dishonorable sum, as the price of a purchased religion; every one puts a little to the public stock, commonly once a month, or when he pleases, and only upon condition, that he is both willing and able; for there is no compulsion upon any: All here is a free-will offering; and all these collections are deposited in a common bank for charitable uses, not for the support of merry meetings, for drinking and gluttony, but for feeding the poor, and burying the dead, and providing for girls and boys, who have neither parents nor provisions left to support them; for relieving old people, worn out in the service of the saints, or those who have suffered by shipwreck, or are condemned to the mines, or islands, or prisons, only for the faith of Christ; these may be said to live upon their profession, for while they suffer for professing the name of Christ, they are fed with the collections of his church.

But strange! that such lovely expressions of Christian charity, cannot pass with some men without a censure; for

look (say they) how these Christians seem to love each other, when in their hearts they hate each other to death! How forward are they to stake their lives for one another, when inwardly they could cut one another's throats! But the true reason of this defamation, upon the account of styling ourselves brethen, I take to be this, because the name of brother is found with these men to be only a gilded expression of a counterfeit friendship. But you need not wonder at this loving title among Christians, when we own even you yourselves for brethren by the right of one common nature; although, indeed, you have cancelled this relation, and by being inhuman brethren have forfeited the title of men; but by what diviner titles are we Christians brethren! We who all acknowledge but one and the same God, as our universal Father; who have all drank of one and the same holy spirit, and who are all delivered as it were from one common womb of ignorance, and called out of darkness into his marvellous light! But it may be, we cannot pass for real brothers with you, because you want a tragedy about the bloody feuds of the Christian fraternity; or because our brotherly love continues even to the division of our estates, which is a test few brotherhoods will bear, and which commonly divides the dearest unions among you.

But we Christians look upon ourselves as one body, informed, as it were, by one soul; and being thus incorporated by love, we can never dispute what we are to bestow upon our own members. Accordingly among us, all things are in common, excepting wives; in this alone we reject communion, and this is the only thing you enjoy in common; for you not only make no conscience in violating the wife of your friend, but, with amazing patience and gratitude, lend him your own! This doctrine, I suppose, came from the school of the Grecian Socrates, or the Roman Cato, those wisest of Sages, who accommodated their friends with their own wives, wives which they espoused for the sake of children of their own begetting, as I imagine, and not of other men!

Whether the wives are thus prostituted with their own consent, in truth I cannot tell, but I see no great reason why they should be much concerned about that chastity

which their husbands think not worth keeping. O never to be forgotten example of Athenian wisdom.

But is it any great wonder, that such charitable brethren as enjoy all things in common, should have such frequent love-feasts? For this it is you slander us, and reflect upon our little frugal suppers, not only as infamously wicked, but as scandalously excessive. Diogenes, for ought I know, might have us Christians in his eye, when he said, that the Margarensians feast as if they never were to eat more, and build as if they were to live for ever; but every one sees a straw in another's eye, sooner than a beam in his own; or else you must be sensible of your own beastliness in this case; for the very air in the streets is sowered by the belches of the people coming from their feasts in their several wards; the Salii cannot sup without the advance of a loan, and upon the feast of tythes to Hercules the entertainment is so very costly, that you are forced to have a book-keeper on purpose for expenses. At Athens, likewise, when the Apaturia, or feasts in honor of Bacchus for a serviceable peace of treachery he did, are to be celebrated, there is a proclamation for all choice cooks to come in, and assist at the banquet; and when the kitchen of Serapis smoaks, what baskets of provisions come tumbling in from every quarter! But my business at present is to justify the Christian supper: and the nature of this supper you may understand by its name, for it is the Greek word for love. We Christians think we can never be too expensive, because we think all is gain that is laid out in doing good; when, therefore, we are at the charge of an entertainment, it is to refresh the bowels of the needy; you gorge those parasites among you, who glory in selling their liberty to satiate their appetites; but we feed the hungry, because we know God takes a peculiar delight in seeing us do it. If, therefore, we feast only with such excellent designs, I leave you, from hence, to guess at the rest of our discipline in matters of pure religion; nothing earthly, nothing unclean, has ever had admittance here; our souls ascend in prayer to God, before we sit down to meat; we eat only what suffices nature, and drink no more than what is strictly becoming chaste and regular persons. We sup as servants who know we must wake in the night to the service of our

master, and discourse as those who remember that they are in the hearing of God. When supper is ended, and we have washed our hands, and the candles are lighted up, every one is invited to sing praises to God, either such as he collects from the Holy Scriptures, or such as are of his own composing; and by this, you may judge of the measures of drinking at a Christian feast. And as we began, so we conclude, all in prayer, and depart not like a parcel of heated bullies, for scowering the streets, and killing and ravishing the next we meet, but with the same temperance and modesty we came, as men who have not so properly been a drinking, as imbibing religion. This assembly of Christians, therefore, is deservedly ranked among unlawful ones, if it holds any resemblance with them; and I will not say a word against condemning it, if any man will make good any one article against it which is charged upon other factions. Did we ever come together to the ruin of any person? We are the same in our assemblies as at home, and as harmless in a body as apart; in neither capacity injuring nor afflicting any person whatever. When, therefore, so many honest and good, pious and chaste people are met together, and regulated with so much discipline and order; such a meeting is not to be called factious, but is as orderly an assembly as any of your courts.

PICTURE OF CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

COLD would be the heart of a husband, were he not rendered unnatural by early debauchery, who did not feel more delight at seeing his child suckled by its mother, than the most artful wanton tricks could excite; yet this natural way of cementing the matrimonial tie, and twisting esteem with fonder recollections, wealth has led woman to spare. To preserve their beauty, and wear the flowery crown of the day, that gives them a kind of right to reign for a short time over the sex, they neglect to stamp impressions on their husbands' hearts, that would be remembered with more tenderness, when the snow on the head began to chill the bosom, than even their virgin charms. The maternal solicitude of a reasonable affectionate woman is very interesting; and the chastened dignity with which a mother re-

turns the caresses that she and her child receive from a father, who has been fulfilling the serious duties of his station, is not only a respectable, but a beautiful sight. So singular, indeed, are my feelings, and I have endeavoured not to catch factitious ones, that after having been fatigued with the sight of insipid grandeur and the slavish ceremonies that with cumbrous pomp, supplied the place of domestic affections, I have turned to some other scene to relieve my eye, by resting it on the refreshing green every where scattered by nature. I have then viewed with pleasure a woman nursing her children, and discharging the duties of her station, with perhaps, merely a servant maid, to take off her hands the servile part of the household business. I have seen her prepare herself and children, with only, the luxury of cleanliness to receive her husband; who, returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midst of the group, and has even throbbed with sympathetic emotion, when the scraping of the well known foot has raised a pleasing tumult.

Whilst my benevolence has been gratified by contemplating this artless picture, I have thought that a couple of this description, equally necessary and independent of each other, because each fulfilled the respective duties of their station, possessed all that life could give. Raised sufficiently above abject poverty, not to be obliged to weigh the consequence of every farthing they spend; and having sufficient to prevent their attending to a frigid system of economy, which narrows both heart and mind. I declare, so vulgar are my conceptions, that I know not what is wanted to render this the happiest as well as the most respectable situation in the world, but a taste for literature, to throw a little variety and interest into social converse, and some superfluous money to give to the needy and to buy books. For it is not pleasant when the heart is open by compassion, and the head active in arranging plans of usefulness, to have a prim urchin continually twitching back the elbow, to prevent the hand from drawing out an almost empty purse, whispering, at the same time, some prudential maxim, about the priority of justice.

THE FUNERAL—A FRAGMENT.

It was an evening in the month of April; a still rain descended from the sky; and a brisk wind blew over the fields. The church of Arrow, near Alcester in Warwickshire appeared at a distance; its spire glittering with the reflection of the sunbeams half hid behind the clouds. "How beautiful," said I, "is this picture! and how sweetly does nature sometimes invite contemplation!"

All was calm and tranquil; my bosom felt the principle of good, asserting the Deity, and bestowing peace.

I was rapt in reflection, till I was disturbed by the distant sounds of a sweet and plaintive song. I turned about, and beheld from the adjoining close, a party of men bearing a corpse, and singing a grateful hymn to the memory of their departed friend. The mourners followed—a scattered few—their garments blown out by the wind, and in disorder. I observed no pageants nor achievements.

They approached nearer. The chief mourner was a young man: unaffected sorrow shed fast the tributary tear for a brother's loss; but mild resignation and religion permitted no extravagance of grief.

The next who followed was a beautiful young woman, measuring her footsteps with a dejection that made her still more lovely; an angel's mind seemed to give expression to an angel's face: she mourned incessantly; but her tears fell gently as the summer's shower on a bed of roses.

An older couple followed: the hearty emblems of a well-spent life; furrowed with age, but not disease.

"Who are these people?" thought I, following them to the churchyard. We were met by the curate, a tall thin man, in whose countenance gentleness and dignity were blended. All was silent, while he pronounced the last address to departed worth.

The earth was thrown over: while some of the party, according to ancient custom, strewed the grave with flowers.

Would that some atheist had been present at this moment! What would he have thought of religion, had he seen with how much sweetness she resigns her children, in full confidence and hope of the love and mercy of Heaven?

I inquired who it was that deserved these funeral honors. It was the humble Acasto.

“Farewel then!” said I; “for thou art blessed in the mediation of a Saviour, who will have little else to do, than to present the scroll of thy gentle virtues to the God of mercy, and place thee among the happiest of the happy in a world of bliss.”

ON SOLITUDE

HAPPY is he, who, far from the troubles of a tumultuous world, enjoys the pleasures of delicious solitude, the chief comfort of which is self-conversation. The acknowledgment of a good conscience makes him smile with indignation on the vanities of life: he has no other desire but the tranquility of his mind; he does not fear the inconstancy of virtue, nor the whims of chance; he despises riches, and the perishable grandeurs of the world: he is pleased with the present, and not uneasy about the future. Happy for himself, he is troublesome to no person. He is never obliged to speak contrary to his own sentiments, nor to suffer from the contradiction of opinion: he studies the past, and observes the present. Equally inaccessible to pride and ambition, avarice is, in his sight, a folly; luxury, a ridiculous brilliancy; envy, a meanness; and laziness a crime. Occupied in adoring his Creator, his tongue does not use itself upon trifles. Sober in his meals, he is not exposed to ruin his health by eating and drinking. He does whatever he will, because his wishes tend only to what he can perform. He lies down free from cares, reposes in the arms of tranquility, and rises early with joy. He knows how to employ time and sees the thread of his life surrounded with silk and gold. His correspondence is with heaven, towards which his thoughts continually are bent. He has no desires for the things of this life, because he is conscious of their vacuity. He sighs only for the celestial ones to which his wishes tend: in short, he waits for the great father, death, without desiring or fearing it!

FROM THE PERSIAN.—FLATTERY.

A BEGGAR of Siberia, it is said, found a Mirror, which would make the most hideous features appear most beautiful. He immediately perceived that great advantages might be derived from a proper use of this glass, which was, in it-

self, a treasure—He presented it to every passenger, with a humble and insinuating air, Contemplate (said he) the charming countenance with which Allah has blessed you, and bestown an alms on the Poorest of his Servants. Who could be insensible to such a compliment, and such a Mirror? Every one gave with generosity, and especially the women. They are naturally more charitable than men, and never demonstrated so dearly the truth of that observation as on this occasion. One day the Beggar, falling sick, entrusted the support of his family to his son, whom he instructed in what manner to make use of his Glass. It was, however, only labor lost. The boy returned home at night, without a penny. He confessed he had forgot to show the Magic Mirror to the well-disposed persons passing by, because looking in it himself, he had been so captivated by his own beauty, that he passed the whole day in admiring himself. Foolish Child, said the Father—Mendicant, what have you gained by that? Are you more rich or less deformed? Learn from thy father, the great difference between a man of sense and a fool, is, that a fool flatters himself, but a man of sense flatters others.

This Apologue is more ingenious than moral. Flattery may and daily does obtain wealth, but there never yet was a parasite who was not at times, despised by the very persons on whom he bestowed false praise.

Poetry.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

The following amplification of the sentiment of the Heathen Poet, may not be without its use—It may teach the young how to grow old, and also what it is to be old, with the benefit of experience.

————— “Hoc est vivere bis
“Vita posse priore frui.”—————*Martial.*

HOW oft, when alone, in the evening of life,
Reflection intrudes, tho' unbidden the guest,
And recalls in review all the cares and the strife,
Which distracted my mind, and tormented my breast.

When the blood of high health ran so swift thro' my veins,
 And mettled my heart with the fervor of youth ;
 When the passions ran lawless and wild without reins,
 To check their career by the guidance of truth :

When pleasure absorbed all the thoughts of my mind,
 And frolic engrossed every swift flying hour—
 Ah ! then to the lessons of age I was blind ;
 At their precepts I laughed, and resisted their power.

But now whitened o'er by the frost of old age,
 When my locks bend beneath the cold snows of threescore,
 I review, with regret, my life's sorry page,
 And sigh for those hours which return now no more.

All within is a void, no resource can I find,
 To soften those ills which are still in Time's womb ;
 No Science to light up the blank of my mind,
 No Religion to show me the way to the tomb !

Let youth then beware how they dissipate *time* ;
 Let them court with devotion the Classical page ;
 Let *Religion* and Truth, with their precepts sublime,
 Alleviate the cares that attend upon age.

IDYLLIUM. THE PRISON.

BY DR. DARWIN.

O WELCOME, Debtor ! in these walls
 Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego ;
 Approach ! a brother Debtor calls,
 And join the family of woe !

Did Fortune with her frowning brow
 Thy late and early toils withstand ?
 Or Slander strike the fatal blow,
 Or griping Usury's iron hand ?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
 While weeping babes surround her bed,
 Peep through, and see the fetters bind
 Those hands, that earn'd their daily bread ?

Does she, in vain, on knees that bend,
 The marble heart of wealth implore ?
 Breathless pursue some flying friend,
 Or beat, in vain, the closing door ?

Look up, and share our scanty meal ;
 For us some brighter hours may flow ;
 Some angel break these bolts of steel,
 For HOWARD marks, and feels our woe.